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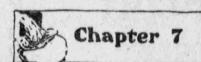
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Satan anderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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ARRY SANDERSON as he walked slowly back from a long ramble in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket over the hillswas not thinking of the

sights and sounds of the pleasant evening. He had tramped miles since sundown and had returned as he set out, gloomy, unrequited, a follower of baffled quest.

Set back from the street in a wide estate of trees and shrubbery stood a great white porched house. Not a light had twinkled from it for nearly a year. The little city wondered at first, then by degrees Lad grown indifferent. The secret of that prolonged honeymoon Harry Sanderson and the have told, for the bishop knew of Hugh's criminal act. He was named executor of the will that lay in the Korean chest, and him David Stires had written the truth. His heart had gone out with pity for Jessica, and understanding. The secret he locked in his own breast, as did Harry Sanderson, each thinking the other ignorant of it.

Since that wedding day no shred of news had come to either. Harry had wished for none. To think of Jessica was a recurrent pang, and yet the very combination of the safe in his study he had formed of the letters of her name! In each memory of her he felt the fresh assault of a new and tireless foe—the love which he must deny.

Outcast and criminal as Hugh was, castaway, who had stolen a bank's money and a woman's love, he was still her husband. Hugh's wife! What could she be to him? And this fevered conflict shot through with yet another pang, for the waking smart of compunction which had risen at Jessica's bitter cry, "You belped to make him what he has become!" would not down. That ery had shown him in one clarifying instant the follies and delinquencies of his early career reduplicated as tarough the facets of a crystal, and in the polarized light of conscience Hugh -loafer, gambler and thief-stood as the type and sign of an enduring ac-

But if the recollection of that wedding day and its aftermath stalked always with him-if that kiss had seemed to cling again and again to his lips as be sat in the quiet of his study-no one guessed. He seldom played his violin now, but he had shown no outward sign. As time went on he had become no less brilliant, though more inscrutable; not less popular, save perhaps to the parish heresy hunter, for whom he had never cared a straw. But beneath the surface a great change had come to Harry Sanderson.

Tonight as he wended his way past the house in the aspens, through the clatter and commotion of the evening. there was a kind of glaze over his whole face—a shell of melancholy

Tomorrow began Harry's summer racation, and be bad planned a nonth's pedestrian outing through the wide ranch valleys and the farther

ranges, and this should set him up again.

Now, however, as he walked along he was bitterly absorbed in thoughts other than his own needs He passed more than one acquaintance with a stare of nonrecognition One of these was the bishop, who turned an instant to look after him. The bishop had seen that look frequently of late and had wondered if it betokened physical illness or mental unquiet. More than once he had remembered, with a sigh, the old whisper of Harry Sanderson's early wildness But he knew youth and its lapses, and he liked and respected him. Only two days before, on the second anniversary of Harry's ordination, he had given him for his silken watch guard a little gold cross, engraved with his name and containing the date.

At a crossing the sight of a knot of people on the opposite side of the street awoke Harry from his abstraction. They had gathered around a peripatetic street preacher, who was holding forth in a shrill voice. Beside him on a short pole hung a dripping gaso line flare, and the hissing flame lit his bare head, his thin features, his long hair and his bony hands moving in vehement gestures. A small melodeon on four wheels stood beside him, and on its front was painted in glaring white letters:

HALLELUJAH JONES. Suffer me that I may speak, and after that I have spoken mock on -Job xxi, 3.

trayed by the thin alpaca coat, at the ascetic face burned a brick red from



Woe to them that are at ease in Zion. exposure to wind and sun, at the flashing eyes, the impassioned earnestness He, paused at the curb and listened curiously, for Hallelujah Jones with his evangelism mingled a spice of the zeal of the socialist. In his thinking the rich and the wicked were mingled inextricably in the great chastisement. He was preaching now from his favorite text: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion,"

Harry smiled grimly. He had always been "at ease in Zion." He wore sumptuous clothes. The ruby in his ring would bring what this plodding exhorter would call a fortune. At this moment Hede, his dapper Finn chauffeur, was polishing the motor car for him to take his cool evening spin. That very afternoon he had put into the little safe in the chapel study \$2,000 in gold which he had drawn, a part for his charities and quarterly payments and a part to take with him for the exigencies of his trip. The street evangelist over there preaching paradise and perdition to the grinning yokels often needed a square meal and was lucky if he always knew where he would sleep.

The thread of his thought broks. The bareheaded figure had ended his harangue. The eternal fires were banked for a time, while, seated on a camp stool at his melodeon, he proceeded to transport his audience to the heavenly meads of the New Jerusalem.

Two, three verses of an old fashioned hymn he sang, and after each verse more of the bystanders, some in real earnestness, some in implous hilarity. shouted in the chorus:

"Palms of victory! Crowns of glory! Palms of victory I shall wear!"

Harry walked on in a brown study, the refrain ringing through his brain. At the chanel gute founded his chauf-

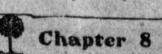
feur awaiting orders.

"Bring the car round, Hede," said Harry, "and I sha'n't need you after that tonight. I'll drive her myself. You can meet me at the garage."

The study was pitch dark, and Rummy halted on the threshold with a low. ominous growl as Harry fumbled for the electric switch As he found and pressed it and the place flooded with light, he saw a figure there, the figure of a man who had been sitting alone, beside the empty hearth, who rose shrinking back from the sudden bril-

It was Hugh Stires







SANDERSON stared at the apparttion with a strange feeling, like rising from the dead. The aristocratic features were

ravaged like a nicked blade Dissipa tion, exposure, shame and unbridled passion had each set its separate seal upon the handsome countenance Hugh's clothes were shabby genteel and the old slinking grace of wearing From over the way Harry gazed at them was gone. A thin beard covered ind als sniffy look, as he turned it first on Harry and then nervously over his shoulder, had in it a hunted dread, a dogging terror, constant and indefinable. From bad to worse had been a swift descent for Hugh Stires.

The wave of feeling ebbed Harry drew the window curtains, swung a shade before the light and motioned to the chair.

"Sit down," he said.

Hugh looked his old friend in the face a moment; then his unsteady glance fell to the white carnation in his lapel as he said, "I suppose you. wonder why I have come here."

Harry did not answer the implied question. His scrutiny was deliberate,

"A little of ev-

took up a



"Why did you Why did you leave leave It?

Hugh touched his parched lips with his tougue. Again that nervous, sideling look, that fearful glance over his shoulder "I had no money to work it it he

to live. Besides, I'm tired of the whole The backward giance, the look of dread, were tangible tokens Harry

translated them. "You are not telling the truth." he said shortly "What have you done?"
Hugh flinched, but he made sulien answer: "Nothing. What should I have done?"

"That is what I am now inquiring myself," said Herry, "Your face is thock for may one to read. I see things

of wrongdoing. You are afraid."

Hugh shivered under the regard. Did his face really tell so much?

"I don't care to be seen in town," he said. "You wouldn't either, probably, under the circumstances." His gaze His gaze ropped to his frayed coat sleeve. In his craven fear of something that he dared not name even to himself and in his wretched need he remembered a night once before when he had sidled into town drunken and soiled to a luxurlous room, a refreshing bath, clean linen and a welcome.

"You're the only one in the world I dared come to," he said miserably. T've walked ten miles today, for 1 haven't a red cent in my pocket, nor even decent clothes," be ended.

"That can be partly remedied." said Harry after a pause. He took a dark coat from its hook and tossed it to him. "Put that on," he said. "You needn't return it.'

Hugh caught the garment. In anther moment he had exchanged it for the one he wore and was emptying the

old coat's pockets.
"Don't sneak!" said Harry with sudden contempt. "Don't you suppo know a deck of cards when I see it?"

The thin scar on Hugh's brow reddened He thrust into his pocket the pasteboards he bad made an instinctive move to conceal and buttoned the coat around him. It fitted sufficiently,

"Look here, Harry," he began, "you were a good fellow in the old days. I'm sorry I never paid you the money I borrowed. I would have but forwhat happened. But you won't go back on me now, will you? I want to get out of the country and begin over again somewhere. Will you loan me the money to do it?" Hugh was eager and voluble now.

The man to whom he appealed was his forlorn hope. He had come with no intention of throwing himself upon his father's mercy. He had wished to see anybody in the world but him.

"If you will, I'll never forget it, Harry!" he cried. "Never, the longest day I live! I'll use every dollar of it just as I say! I will, on my honor!"

"Honor!" he said "Have you enough to swear by? You are what you are because you are a bad egg . You were born a gentleman, but you showed to be a rogue. Do you know the meaning of the word honor or right on marice? Have you a single purpose of mind which isn't crooked?"

"You're just like the rest, then," Hugh retorted "Just because I did that one thing you'll give me no more chance. Yet the first thing I did with that money was to square injust. I paid every debt of bonor I had. That's why I'm in the hole now. But I get no credit for it, even from you. I wish you could put yourself in my place."

Harry had been looking steadily at the sailow face with its hoof print of the satyr, not seeing it, but hearing his own voice say to Jessica: "I was my brother's keeper. I see it now." And out of the distance, it seemed, his voice answered:

"Put myself in your pines: I wish I could! I wish to God I could!"

The exclamation was involuntary, automatic, the cumulative expression of every three of conscience Harry had endured since then, the voice of that remorse that had cried insistently for reparation, dinning in his ears to fateful question that God asked Cain. Suddenly a whirl of rage sets him, unmeasured, savage, malicious. He had despised Hugh, now he hated him—hated him because he was Jessica's husband and, more than all, becanise he was the symbol of his own self abssement. A daredevil side of self abasement. A during in the british old Satan Sanderson that he brichalned and barred rose up and toim by the throat. He struck the crainscoting with his fist, feeling a slist grow before his eyes.

written on it, Hugh-things that tell you had, eh? You acknow gamester's honor, but not the tion of right action between man! Very well. Give me ! of cards. You want money

He swiftly turned the click bination of the safe, wren the door and took out two her vas bags. He snapped the the neck of one of these, and ing stream of double eagle jingling on the table. He d hand in the yellow pile in mad as the hoofs of runswy as careening through his h felt an odd lightness of mind tingling of every nerve and a

"Here is two thousand do if you win it-for you shall play you gambler, who pays his d honor' and no other! You st fair and straight, if you or

Hugh gazed at Harry in a way. This was not the figure with the white, in the sparkling eyes and the veiled look. This reminded ckless spirit of his college he had patterned after and b

"How can I play," he m you know very well I have markee?"

Harry stuffed the gold back bag. He snatched the of Hugh's band and a box of velope wafers from his deak was a strange light to his eye. in his fingers

"It is I who play with said. "My gold against you ters! Each of those hundred represents a day of your iff do you understand-a red day sin! A day of yours against engle! What you win you be for every counter I win you me one straight, white day, day, lived for decency and

a

Hugh's eyes were fastened gold in Harry's fingers. Two it dollars! If luck came his way is go far on that—far enough to the nameless terror the purso in every shadow. Money again wafers? Why, it was plenty if and if he lost he had staked to what a fool Harry was! What a fool Harry was!

Harry saw the shrewd, ook that came to his eyes.

Not here!" he said hoan flung open the chapel door an him aside. He seized one of candles, lit it with a match si it upright in its own war on to de the altar rail, with the ed wafers and the bags of med two chairs forward.

put up your hand—your right and swear before this altar, ambler's bonor you boast of the to abide by this game."

(To be Continued)

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